



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

DID YOU SEE?

Did you go down to Scenic Drive Wednesday during the storm and look at the ocean? It presented a spectacle rarely seen here. The driving wind lifted the billows in huge white caps and from them drove the spindrift in sheets that gave the appearance of a low-lying smoke over the sea. Then, for half an hour in the morning, a rainbow shot an end down to the water and the myriad of colors seemed to break up into a mass of brilliant, changing hues on the sharp edges of the rampaging waves.

ABOUT ADVERTISING

On another page of this issue of THE CYMBAL we print a letter from Imelman's complimenting us on our contribution to the success of the \$1 shoe sale the store featured last Friday. We have used it to hang a circulation story on. We here would like to make another kind of reference to it.

We think it emphasizes a fact that we have found it difficult to get over to Carmel advertisers, schooled as they have been for so many years in unethical advertising. The fact is that advertising is not magic. It cannot of itself, merely because it consists of printed words on a page, accomplish miracles.

We have on many occasions obtained advertising copy from a store or shop and we have gone away with it held firmly between the thumb and index finger of our right hand feeling down deep in our bones that the advertiser had a notion that unless he cleaned out his stock with that one ad, THE CYMBAL, as an advertising medium, would be proved no good. And, as it has often turned out, that has been the result. One ad, offering something at no special bargain, and few results. Advertising medium no good.

How utterly absurd! Advertising success rests not only on clarity of expression, value of article advertised, but, principally, continuity of impression. In the case of Imelman's ad, the value was unusual, and the attendant results in a newspaper of wide circulation and undeniable reader interest, were natural.

But you will also notice that Imelman's is a consistent advertiser. The store knows that the great value of advertising lies in that continuity of impression. You can't advertise this week, and skip the next month. As we have quoted: "You're not talking to a mass meeting; you're talking to a parade."

The immense sales of the three leading brands of cigarettes illustrate this. Why are they the three leading brands? Because they are better than other kinds? Not a bit of it. There are scores of cigarettes just as good. They are the three leading brands because they constantly advertise. There is never a day goes by that you don't see the name Chesterfield, or Lucky Strike, or Camel. The manufacturers of those cigarettes spend millions of dollars a year just keeping the names of their brands in front of you. They don't dare stop. If they did—and a few years ago one of them did and suffered—their sales would drop by the millions of packages.

It is such an established fact that it's uncanny. There isn't one of (Continued on Page Two)

LYNDA'S "CLANGING CYMBALS" HERE AGAIN

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 8 - No. 6

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA - FEBRUARY 11, 1938

5 CENTS

Gentleman Moves Off Ocean Ave.

Pat Hudgins has ceased to be the perfect gentleman of Ocean avenue. He died last Tuesday morning. His heart stopped beating suddenly while he was having breakfast with his father-in-law, Harry Turner. Frances Hudgins, his wife, was absent from the city at the time. She was in Palm Springs, preparing to lease a home where she and Pat were to live for a while.

Funeral services, impressively conducted by the Carmel Post of the American Legion, were held at the Freeman-Rancadore chapel in Monterey yesterday afternoon. There were more than 150 of Pat's friends there. There were innumerable floral pieces.

Patrick Henry Hudgins was born in Richmond, Virginia, 51 years ago last month. He was a captain in the regular army and served overseas during the world war. He was discharged because of his heart illness and came to Carmel about six years ago, engaging in the real estate business. He married Frances Turner in 1934.

Pat Hudgins was a swell person.

MRS. J. L. MEEKS DIES IN HOT SPRINGS, NEW MEX.

Mrs. J. L. Meeks, mother of Pauline, Edwin, Nadine, David and Raymond Meeks, and Mrs. Ed. E. Smith of Rancho Tularcitos in the Carmel Valley, died on January 25 in Hot Springs, New Mexico. She leaves also her husband, J. L. Meeks.

Mrs. Meeks and her family have been well known in the Carmel district. They came here in 1925 and lived for a while in Carmel Woods. Later the family lived in Corral de Tierra, in the John Steinbeck country.

Pauline, as you know, belonged to THE CYMBAL family. She, with Edwin, Nadine, David and Raymond, are with their father now in Hot Springs, and Pauline has assumed the duties and responsibilities of mother of the family.

Parent-Teacher Assn. To Observe Its Forty-First Anniversary

The Parent-Teacher Association is observing the Forty-first year of its founding, Tuesday, February 15, in Sunset School Library with a brief address and a program given by the students. The association was first called the Congress of Mothers at a meeting at Chautauqua on February 17, 1897, by the originator of the project, Mrs. Theodore W. Birney. The late Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, mother of the publisher, financed this first congress. The support of other influential people was obtained and out of this intensive effort came the historic meeting of February 17. One of the most important objectives of the organization is to promote the welfare of children and youth in the home, school, church and community and to bring in closer relation the home and the school.

The Founders' Day program will open with a speech by Mrs. E.

Thoburn Protests Secret Council Committee Action

Councilman Thoburn brought the council up short on this "referred to the committee of the whole" business at Wednesday night's meeting, but he didn't get very far.

"Haven't the public enough faith in us?" asked Mayor Everett Smith, but from the lobby there was no approving murmur.

It appears that Councilman Thoburn has come to the conclusion that the people of Carmel are a bit perturbed about the manner in which the council refers matters to this "committee of the whole" and the committee of the whole acts and doesn't tell itself anything about the action. That is, it decides that trees shall be cut down here, trimmed there, and planted hither, and there appears no record on the minutes of the council about what has been done.

The cutting down of the two big trees on Ocean avenue three weeks ago was a case in point. It hit the people right between the eyes. There was no warning. On one sombre Wednesday morning those who went to the post office to gather their mail were met by a great vacuum. It developed that the vacuum was necessary, but the shock was there just the same. It was one of these secret committee-of-the-whole things and the people didn't like it.

Jim Thoburn, who happens to be commissioner of streets, took the rap. The public clamored at his door until THE CYMBAL came out with the enlightening remarks of Dr. D. T. MacDougal. So, at Wednesday night's meeting Thoburn suggested that this "committee of the whole" thing be dispensed with. That the council come out in the open, and record its moves on the minutes.

But Mayor Everett Smith wants

to know: "Haven't the public faith in us?"

We're not so sure it has.

Incidentally, at the Wednesday night meeting City Attorney Billy Hudson decided that there were lots of holes in the ordinance which has to do with the matter of liquor licenses. He found that while there were certain stipulations and penalties regarding "on sale" liquor licenses, there were none affecting "off sale," so, he contends, the ordinance is invalid. He drafted a new one which was passed on first reading and which, so they tell us, has teeth in it that will really bite.

Sadie Latham asked for a transfer of her business license from the place she previously occupied to the so-called Macbeth building, formerly known as the Helen Wilson building, on the Golden Bough court. She plans to put a tap room on the lower floor and a restaurant on the floor above. She is going to get a lot of opposition, we hear, from Mrs. Mabel Sampson, owner of the Blue Bird Tea Room, which occupies the rear of the ground floor of the building into which Sadie is moving.

MC GAW-KNOX TO READ "WINGLESS VICTORY"

Maxwell Anderson's "Wingless Victory" will be the play read by Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox tomorrow night at 8:30 o'clock at the Filmarte Theatre. This new play, first produced by Katherine Cornell in November, 1936, at the National Theatre in Washington, is a soul-stirring tragedy of early New England. It is written in the same verse form as "Winteret," which was awarded the Critics' Prize in 1936.

The scene is laid in Salem about the year 1800. The central figures are Nathaniel McQueston and his wife, Oparre. Nathaniel is a sea captain who departed from Salem penniless, but after an absence of seven years returns, a wealthy man with a Malay wife and their two children. The travail of a man's soul when he is faced with a sudden choice between dishonor and the loss of his property, or the loss of his dark-skinned family, and the magnificent self-sacrifice of the woman who has given up her native country and risked all she has for love, have never been more clearly or more forcefully presented. This story of Nathaniel and Oparre is one few can ever forget and it should be particularly adaptable to the talents of the McGaws.

In our excitement to get to the opening of the February exhibit, our excitement made us get there before the show was completely hung, and we missed a landscape done in oil by Abbie Lou Bosworth called "Carmel Valley Ranch." This canvas was broadly handled with elimination of almost all detail. Nice rich earthy colors were used. Frederick Burt had a very

The council feels, however, that it cannot legitimately oppose Sadie's application for a liquor license in the new location.

There were the usual number of communications regarding trees and the need for removing them at Wednesday night's meeting.

A request was received from the "I Am" people to erect a sign over their doorway in the Ewig building at Mission and Ocean. This was referred to the commissioner of streets.

The Carmel Pistol Club asked permission to erect a range under the Carmel Garage. We didn't know there was anything under the Carmel Garage, but it seems there is, and the matter was referred to the city attorney for his recommendation.

Arthur T. Shand addressed a communication to the council asking that some means be adopted by the city to let property owners reclaim property on which taxes are delinquent. The thing is too involved for us to elucidate on it, but it looks like a reasonable request.

WAS IT YOU? NUMBER 9

It was raining awfully hard yesterday morning and you didn't like it at all. You half walked and half ran from the direction of the Post Office down to the Carmel Garage. You stayed in there from about 25 minutes past 2 until about 27 minutes past 2 and then you came scuttling back up the street again, hugging the buildings for a little protection against the rain. You stopped in the entrance to the Wine Shop and talked to two women until half past two and then you ran up to the Post Office and went in. Our detective work wasn't very good, for when we went up there a few minutes later, there was no you. You were wearing a light tan suit, a navy blue raincoat with a plaid lining, and a tan hat which had seen much better days. Your shoes were brown. You weren't carrying anything because you had your hands in your pockets, and you had horn-rimmed glasses.

If you were this person, bring this paper into the CYMBAL office and we will give you a shiny new dollar, or whatever we happen to have in the dollar line.

nice little thing called "Eugene O'Neill at Work, Provincetown" in which beautiful colors were used. Two others we missed in the rush were a large William Watts in water color of a cypress by the water, and a small marine scene by Elizabeth Strong.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph West, from Omaha, Nebraska, are occupying their cottage on Carmelo and Ninth for a month.

you, man or woman, who will admit that he buys a cigarette because of an ad that cigarette used. But you do! To prove that you do, just ask the Secretary of Commerce at Washington to what extent you stop buying a cigarette when it stops advertising for even a comparatively short space of time.

As a matter of fact, there are no advertisements you read or see today that are sillier than the cigarette ads. They don't mean a thing to a sensible person. And yet, they pay. They pay, or the cigarette people wouldn't run them.

But it is the continuity of impression that pays and pays and pays.

We don't expect any Carmel merchant to spend more than two or three millions a year on constant advertising. But we do know, just as sure as we know it has been raining these past two weeks, that a wise expenditure of a certain specified sum each year on advertising that appears from week to week, will pay for itself many times over. That has been learned by advertisers who count their nickels as well as those who count their double-eagles.

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Big Apple Takes Del Monte

Del Monte, the last great American stronghold against the ravages of the Big Apple, surrendered to the inevitable today. The Big Apple has taken the Bali Room by storm.

Freddie Nagel and his orchestra introduced on their opening night two weeks ago the famous dance which is sweeping the country. A curious crowd tried it—and called for more. Last Friday evening the Bali Room was jammed. Young and old "tried their feet" at this newest ballroom craze—and had the time of their lives.

A special class with professional instructors was formed early this week to teach as many as possible the rudiments of the dance. They will be on hand tonight and promise to aid others in learning the intricacies of the shag, truckin', peeling the apple and the many other steps.

The dance has proved popular with both young and old. Representatives of both age groups dance it and many come to the Bali Room just to watch. Big Apple-ing is interspersed with regular ballroom dancing.

Plans call for making Friday evening "Party Night" at Del Monte. In addition to the Big Apple, new dances will be introduced from time to time and old ones revived.

(Hey, Del Monte! Isn't that too much to contribute to the delinquency of the community on one day? THE CYMBAL comes out on Friday.)

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BODLEY TALKS SUNDAY ON CHRISTIAN LEADERS

Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, the Rev. Homer S. Bodley will complete his series of sermons on "Christian Leaders of Today" by speaking on "Martin Niemoller—the new Martin Luther of Germany." Not much is being said through the press at this time regarding his trial which is going on in Germany, but to the German Church it is a most important crisis. This is the fourth sermon in a series which included T. Kagawa, Albert Schweitzer and E. Stanley Jones.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS cost 30 cents a line a month—that is if you let them stand.

Personalities & Personals

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Magee at their Pebble Beach home.

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Mrs. F. W. Ten Winkel is visiting her niece and husband, Mrs. and Mr. Carl Lockwood, in San Luis Obispo. On her way home she will stop to see Mrs. Clifford Hicks, the former Helen McLachlan, at Atascadero.

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Mr. and Mrs. Frank Porter have just returned from two weeks at Palm Springs.

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The Milton A. Marquards entertained Dr. and Mrs. Paul S. Cadman at dinner following Dr. Cadman's speech at the Woman's Club.

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Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse entertained at dinner Saturday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Howard of New York, who have just returned from Honolulu and are spending several days at Del Monte before going south. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Eric Tyrrell-Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow.

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Jerry Chance is planning a midnight tea for tomorrow night, whatever a midnight tea is.

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Dan and Rosalie James gave a party last Saturday night, and, according to what we're still hearing, it was a good party. The guests were Bill and Eleanor Irwin, Francis and Margery Lloyd, Adelaide and Langley Howard, Hal and Margenette Gates, Ross and Thelma Miller, Francis and Elaine Whitaker, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Black, Lloyd and Caroline Weer, Betty Bryant, Dene Denny, Dorothy Comingore, Edith Frisbie, Hazel Watrous, Flavia Flavin, Spud Gray, Jerry Chance, Bob Meltzer, Chick McCarthy, Jack Gilbert, Henry Dickinson and Harry Hedger.

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Mrs. Allen Griffin gave an informal novelty party at her Pebble Beach home Friday evening in honor of her brother, S. W. Hyde of New York. Guests included Charles Chaplin, Tim Durant, the Stuart Haldorns, the Robert Stantons, the Reginald Sinclairs, Mrs. Francis McComas, Mrs. Frances Elkins and Gordon Armsby.

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One of the few remaining Carmel Indians, Manuel Onessimo, died Tuesday morning of a heart attack at his home on the Meadows ranch, Carmel Valley.

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Boice Richardson, who is attending New Mexico Military Institute, ranked second in his class on the first semester honor roll, which was quite a record for a Carmel lad.

Trev Shand Tells What He Thinks About Sewer

W. K. Bassett,
Editor, THE CYMBAL
Dear Bill:

Some little time ago, you told me that you would publish anything I sent you, provided, first, it would go through the mails, and, second, that I would sign it.

You sort of took the wind out of my sails in your article of last week, indeed anyone really wanting to inform themselves as to the tides, need only go down to the beach and watch the muddy water from the Carmel River, where it lands in an offshore or westerly breeze and imagine what said tides would do to sewage, more particularly the soaps and solids that are insoluble.

Your reference to the "red herring" is particularly apt. The Sanitary Board, after employing two of the best sanitary engineers on the coast; one before the "Wolves" got after them, the other later, I suppose as a check—could of course find more engineers. I believe if one looks at the directory, one could find enough engineers to keep a necessary improvement back for the next 100 years or more. Having been on the board myself for some time, I know their painstaking and thorough working, and their desire to get for Carmel and the district the very best disposal of sewage they can, having a regard for costs as well as thoroughly effective disposal, and I for one am willing to take their decision in the matter, whether it is to abide by Mr. Kennedy's and Mr. Gray's report, or whether they should do as one of the "Wolves" seems to wish—to go down the line with the directory until one of the engineers, before referred to, say to put in an outfall sewer.

Very truly yours,

ARTHUR T. SHAND
N.B. I read in the Handy Standard Dictionary the following: "Wolf—A wild and savage dog-like animal." "Wolfish—Having qualities of a wolf; rapacious; cruel." I read in a letter to the Peninsula Herald many references to Wolves, etc, but could anyone picture Bill as a wolf? I ask you? It is Shakespeare who speaks of a wolf in sheep's clothing, or a sheep in wolf's clothing, or maybe it is "The big, bad Wolf who woofed at the house that did not come down?"

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"CRUCIFIXION" REHEARSAL TO BE HELD MONDAY

First rehearsal for "The Crucifixion," Stainer's beautiful oratorio, will be held in Women's Civic Club House, Grand avenue, Pacific Grove, Monday, February 21, promptly at 8 o'clock. The director, Fenton P. Foster, invites all those interested in choral singing to participate in the preparation of this impressive composition which will be presented Good Friday night.

For transportation, or for further particulars of any kind, telephone Mr. Foster at Carmel 172 around 6 p.m. of any day from February 15 on.

EL FUMADOR MAGAZINES NEWSPAPERS

Complete Line of
Sutliff's Pipes • Tobaccos

Featuring the famous
La Corona Cigars

Dolores near Seventh

The Place That's Different

Jimmie
Brucia's
Tavern

Featuring California Wines
242 Alvarado Street
Monterey, California

30 Mothers Attend Meeting To Form Carmel Mothers' Association

Thirty mothers met last Friday night in the recreation hall of the Community Church for the purpose of organizing the Carmel Mothers' Association, now well under way. They were all there to work and not through idle curiosity, and have already started out to plan means of raising money for the beginning of equipment and a reserve fund.

It was made clear that the organization is to be a cooperative one and every mother will do her part. Twelve mothers have already offered to work with the executive board on the preparations to start the nursery school, which is the main object of the association. However, it will interest itself with all the needs of the pre-school children, along the lines of health, recreation and training. There were discussions at the meeting about the things which could be done along these lines. It was planned to have a first-aid class for the mothers of very small children, also to sponsor some well-baby conferences, held almost everywhere else in the country. The mothers would like to get one small portion of the beach for the use of babies and themselves throughout the summer. This portion, if properly taken care of, would eliminate the worry about children cutting themselves on broken bottles and tin cans. It is hoped also that they will be able to establish a free playground for small children with the proper supervision.

A complete outline for the possibilities of the nursery school was given to the mothers Friday night and definite plans have been made for it. The school will proceed on a non-profit basis so that it may become a permanent institution. It will be opened, if possible, next week.

Mrs. Cedric Rowntree acted as

temporary chairman of the board of directors and presided over the meeting. The officers elected to serve until September 1, which will open the fiscal year, were: Mrs. Cedric Rowntree, president; Mrs. Walter Nielsen, first vice-president; Mrs. Marshall Carter, second vice-president; Mrs. Harold Mosher, of Monterey, third vice-president; Mrs. Jessica Palme, secretary, and Mrs. R. B. Stoney, treasurer. It was decided to retain the board of advisors who are Mrs. Lawrence Knox, Mrs. Millard Klein, Mrs. E. Frederick Smith and Mrs. R. J. Hart.

Mothers from Monterey and Pacific Grove have joined and the association welcomes more. March 4 is the date set for the second meeting of the organization when plans will have been completed.

The executive board met Wednesday and applications for the director were considered and the location for the school thought about.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS are positively vital little things.



**SPECIAL
This Week \$15**

Standard Remington
Typewriter

Good Condition

**PENINSULA TYPEWRITER
EXCHANGE** Office Equipment

Fritz T. Wurmann, Manager

371 Alvarado • Phone 3794

Is Your Driveway Damaged by Rain?

We Have Decomposed Granite for Surfacing It
Terra Cotta Drain Tile for Draining
Off the Puddles

Plaza Fuel Co.
Sixth and Junipero
Carmel 180

Macbeth's

announces their new address

AUCOURT BUILDING, LINCOLN STREET

beginning today

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INTERIOR DECORATING
LENDING LIBRARY

CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

SHAN-KAR AND HINDU BALLET
SAT • FEB • 19

Post Season Ticket Membership
\$7 or \$5 according to location.
Single Seats \$3, \$2, \$1, 50c

Mail Checks to: THE CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY, Post Office
Box 1144. Telephone 62 • Or Mrs. Paul Flanders, Telephone 22

Here's Another Engineer With Potent Views on Disposal of Sewage

Here's another Carmel sewage disposal viewpoint from an engineer, which we gladly pick up from the Peninsula Herald for the edification of taxpayers in the Carmel Sanitary District, as well as for Carmel residents generally:

Carmel and its sewage problem runs true to form, those who know least, shout loudest; this perhaps can be expected from "wolves" whose approach to a question of this nature must needs be superficial. What seems to be overlooked is the very elementary fact that sewage is not salt water, it is fresh water loaded with matters foreign to sea water and at a higher temperature, therefore when released at the bottom of the ocean, whether at 5 or 50 feet beneath the surface, it at once rises to the surface owing to the difference in specific gravity, this being also accentuated by its higher temperature making it still lighter. The reference in one letter to "undertow" is answered by this fact. Taking the Los Angeles experience of 6 acres fouled per million gallons of sewage, at the estimated minimum flow for Carmel of 1/4 m.g., 1 1/2 acres or some 65,000 square feet would be the Carmel Bay field.

Can you imagine any reputable sanitary engineer recommending a visibly evident blotch of that extent in the bay, with the certain knowledge that it would grow greater, not less, as time passed.

Every visitor looking to sea would ask? "What is that queer blotch on the sea?" And being told, "That is the Carmel sewage outlet," the charm of Carmel, its homes, bay and setting would at once van-

ish. No community has ever been proud of its sewer outfall; Carmel cannot even risk an attempted out- rage of such criminality, so why waste time and money on such an impossible consideration.

Further, suppose Silva has correct data on the shore slopes, then with a 50 foot depth of water the length of outfall would be only 850 feet, assuring contact under S.W. wind condition of sewage field and shore, a condition which has obtained in L.A. with a discharge distance of 4000 ft.

The idea that discharging sewage into the ocean causes its immediate disappearance is untrue and can be verified at any outfall. It is utterly unthinkable that Carmel citizens loyal to their community could endorse or endure a 1 1/2 acre sewage field in Carmel Bay. When this question was referred to the office of the premier sanitary engineer on the Pacific Coast, that of Mr. C. C. Kennedy, it is not to be assumed that he ignored ocean disposal which is the most primitive and unsatisfactory method of sewage disposal, his considered findings represent the best methods and his plans and recommendations are endorsed as a true, satisfactory and economic solution of the Carmel sewage disposal problem.

An ocean outfall without a resultant sewage field is an impossibility, therefore since Carmel dare not face the risk of such a blemish on her ocean setting, the ocean outfall question should be dropped.

Yours faithfully,
D. DONALDSON
Regd. Prof. Engr.
Oregon and California

P. G. & E. Warns About Kites

Kite flying season is here again, with its days of keen sport for boys and girls. Parents know it to be a tremendously important time, since it brings to them the responsibility of advising children thoroughly, as to the perils involved and thus safeguarding them against accidents. For, while kite flying is a fine, healthful sport when kites are properly made and flown, mishaps or injuries are likely unless the youngsters take certain precautions.

Here are a few rules that parents should drill into the minds of the young enthusiasts:

Do not fly your kite near light, telephone or trolley wires or near high-tension transmission towers.

Do not use wire or tinsel twine of any sort. Use only cotton string. And don't forget that even wet cord is also a conductor of electricity and will cause as much damage as wire if brought into contact with electric wires.

Do not use a kite with metal ribs.

Do not run across public highways while flying a kite.

Fly your kite in open, unobstructed places away from traffic.

Do not attempt to climb poles or knock down entangled kites with stones.

Do not let your kite go over radio aerials.

Do not let your kite get away from you. Serious injury to you and serious damage to property are likely if you do.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS DO good places, do things and see all sorts of people.

Art Enjoyment Course Monday

The third of the exhibits in the Art Enjoyment course, made possible through a grant by the Carnegie Foundation to the San Francisco Museum of Art, will be shown in Carmel Monday, February 14, at 7:15 p.m. in the Sixth Grade classroom, Sunset School.

The exhibit contains 16 fine color reproductions by Derain, Picasso, Matisse and others of contemporary schools of paintings, which show the various art movements of today—abstract art, surrealism, expressionism, and American regional paintings.

The reproductions make clear the roots in the past from which modern movements in art have sprung. They are brilliant in color and reflect the modern idea of "streamlined" art in that they convey the feeling of terse, effective presentation.

The lecture accompanying the exhibit will be given by R. J. Gale, who is conducting the course in Carmel. The speaker will deal particularly with American art, its traditions, background and present status in relation to the art of the world. John Singer Sargent, James MacNeil Whistler, Grant Wood, and the Currier and Ives prints will be drawn from for supplementary material.

ART ASSOCIATION PASSES ON SOME GOOD PICTURES

A great many pictures, including some large canvases not shown in Carmel before, were juried Wednesday morning by the Carmel Art Association. These pictures will travel to Salinas Sunday morning under the sponsorship of the Salinas Woman's Club to be shown in the club house there.

Shan-Kar Began His Career At 15

Uday Shan-Kar, who dances at Sunset Auditorium with his Hindu Ballet, Saturday, February 19, under the auspices of the Carmel Music Society, began his career 15 years ago as an artist.

It was not until after he was graduated with honors from the Royal College of Arts in London that he collaborated with his father in the production of several Hindu plays and ballets in London. Here he received his stage training and made his Western debut as a dancer, with such signal success that Anna Pavlova immediately asked for his help in the production of her "Radha-Krishna" ballet. It was not long before Pavlova chose Shan-Kar as her leading man, dancing the romantic Krishna to her own Radha.

Following this came four years of research in the libraries and museums of Paris, in the endeavor to revive the ancient Hindu dance in as authentic manner as possible. Finally, in 1928, he rented a theater in Paris and gave a recital, and it was only a matter of weeks before he was appearing in Vienna, Berlin, Budapest and Geneva.

But Shan-Kar was still dissatisfied: the Hindu musicians and instruments were missing. And so he abruptly cancelled his European engagements and returned to India where he formed his own ballet of Hindu dancers and his own orchestra of native musicians.

Instantaneous success marked his arrival in the United States with his present "troupe." Engaged to give five performances the first season in New York, he remained for 24, and the ensuing years have made him a "matinee idol" in cities throughout the country.

DR. LLOYD TO DELIVER ILLUSTRATED LECTURE AT CARMEL THEATRE

Dr. Francis E. Lloyd, professor emeritus of botany of McGill University and past president of the Royal Society of Canada, will deliver a free, illustrated lecture on "Carnivorous Plants of the World" at Carmel Theatre next Friday afternoon, February 18, at 2:30 o'clock. The lecture has been arranged particularly for school children, and both motion pictures and lantern slides will be used.

Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd have long been considered Carmel citizens although their "official" residence has been Montreal, seat of McGill University. They have owned their home here for many years and on his retirement from the McGill faculty, Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd came back to Carmel to establish themselves permanently here. Francis L. Lloyd, whose "Poet and Peasant" column appears weekly in THE CYMBAL, is their son.

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

SPECIAL

... for a short time only!

G. E. VACUUM

Was 49.50 • Now 25.00

HOOVER VACUUM

Was 79.50 • Now 39.50

Many others

MAYTAG WASHER

Was 94.50 • Now 74.50

MAYTAG WASHER

59.50

Come and See!

MAYTAG SHOP

496 Alvarado • Tel. 5773

Safe Driver Prize Plan Announced

A number of important questions regarding the new Safe Driver Reward Plan were answered today for local motorists by Byington Ford of the Carmel Realty Company, local representative of the Aetna Casualty and Surety Company of Hartford, Connecticut.

The Safe Driver Reward Plan became effective in California, says Ford, on February 1. On or after this date, the plan will be applicable to all private passenger automobiles insured for both bodily injury and property damage liability on a specified car basis for a period of twelve months at regular manual rates.

According to Ford, the basis of the plan provides for rewarding, individually and directly, the car owner who has no claims made against him. It is the answer to the appeals of careful drivers for recognition of the fact that they are entitled to individual preferential treatment in their automobile liability insurance costs and has been hailed as a "real contribution" to the encouragement of more careful driving.

Ford says the plan guarantees to private passenger automobile owners who are insured for both bodily injury and property damage liability, a 15 per cent refund of the premium for such coverage, provided no claims are paid or reserves for claims set up under their policies during the twelve months the policies are in force. The reward will be payable by the insurance company, through the agent who wrote the policy, 30 days after the expiration of the insurance.

In the opinion of Ford, this 15 per cent reward should be a strong incentive to motorists to drive more carefully and should unquestionably bring about a reduction in the number and severity of automobile

accidents. This, in turn, should further have a beneficial effect upon bodily injury and property damage liability insurance rates.

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BOY SCOUTS TO HAVE HONOR COURT FEBRUARY 16

Many Carmel students were on the Monterey Union high school honor roll. Max Hagemeyer was at the head of the roll with 18 points, and others from Carmel following closely were David Berg and Chester Ottmar.

Richard Williams, Katherine Beaton, Dorothy R. Smith, Joyce Uzzell, Alice Vidoroni, Jean Humphrey, Dorothy Wilson, Elinor Chappell, Spencer Kern, Barbara Bryant, Gordon Ewig and John Hilliard were others on the list.

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HOTEL DEL MONTE

The Carmel Cymbal

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

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February 11, 1938

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WOMEN VOTERS HEAR ABOUT INITIATIVES

A successful and interesting meeting of the Northern Conference of the State League of Women Voters was held at the Women's Club in Sausalito this last week. Miss Lydia Weld, president of the local League, attending. Of especial concern to us all as voters was the discovery that forty initiatives have been temporarily placed on the ballot. It is not certain that all these will come before the voters next Fall, but it is sure to be a more than usually large list and of exceptional interest. Four constitutional amendments will also be put before the electorate.

Yesterday Mr. Ney Otis, Probation Officer for this county, spoke on a phase of his work, but too late for reporting in this week's Cymbal.

Tonight at the home of Mrs. Russell Scott, 345 Soledad street, Salinas, Senator E. H. Tickle will speak at a meeting of the Health Insurance group of the League. Senator Tickle is an authority as well as an enthusiast on this subject and this meeting is of vital importance to all League members.

The regular board meeting of the local League will be held on Tuesday, February 15, instead of the 22nd as scheduled. These meetings have been transposed to allow Carmel people to hear the chairman of the State Personnel Board speak at a luncheon meeting on Tuesday, February 22.

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Carl and Nancy von Saltza entertained at dinner Saturday night. Their guests were Eleanor Mosehead, Ivy Van Cott, Sue Walsh, Margery Sheeley, George and Ann Hopps, Tommy Hooper, Louis Conlan and Ray Burns. Following the dinner, pictures were taken by the San Francisco Chronicle for the rotogravure section to show the night life of Carmel.

Tommy Hooper will have as his guests this week-end Norris Thompson and Ace Sykes, both well known in Carmel.

Marguerite Tickle is spending a while in Piedmont as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Pride.

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

(Herl S. Dawson, the writer, is spending a few days in Carmel and he gave us this little poem of his to run in the column. It appeared some time ago in Scribners.)

"They say the dog next door
Looks like mine
Barks like mine
And
Eats like mine,
But
The dog next door
Is the next-door dog
And my dog is mine."

Feminine hearts will always find a hero to worship and feminine canine hearts are no exception. In the old days it was Rin-tin-tin, then Buck, then Asta, and more recently, Mr. Smith. The current rave, however, is a non professional—Rumpelstiltskin, Champion Dog. He is the French poodle chosen by the American Kennel Club as the Dog of the Year.

For the information of numerous young ladies who have clipped his picture from magazines and newspapers and sighed over him in the news-reels—he is owned by Mrs. Milton S. Erlanger of Elberon, N.J., and his nick-name is Curley. He is three years old and likes to travel and be shown. Last year in 51 shows he was 37 times judged best of his own breed, 29 times best in his group, 6 times best of all breeds—a record never before approached by another dog, foreign or American.

(Girls, there is a stunning portrait of him in the current issue of Life, just in case you would like it for your scrapbook.)

Miss Mickey de Packh celebrated her fourth birthday last week assisted by her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav de Packh. The charming titian-haired miss is well known in the Irish Terrier set for her wit and her "Garbo" eye-lashes.

Mickey came originally from Hollywood, where she was raised at the kennels of Warren William, the movie actor.

Since she has been in Carmel, Mickey has made many friends and

is an attractive addition to the village.

That strong, silent man from the North, Popeeguk Richardson, is leaving Carmel this week for his Alaskan home. He and his owner, Miss Margaret Richardson, have been visiting here for several weeks.

Popeeguk, who is the object of great interest among the fair sex of the village, is a white Malamute, born on the Yukon, and as handsome a fellow as seen around here in many a moon. He is the lead-dog in Miss Richardson's dog-team, so he comes rightly by his powerful physique. At night his eyes glow like phosphorus because of the wolf-blood he inherited from some remote ancestor.

"Popeeguk" is Eskimo and means "little Polar bear," for he looked like a little white bear cub when he was a puppy.

Popeeguk and Miss Richardson must travel for three days on wild waters far out of the shipping lanes to reach their home at Chignik on Kodiak Island.

When asked if he really preferred the remote silent land of his birth to the charms of California, a far-away look came into his strange eyes and in his deep, quiet voice he quoted these lines from Robert Service:

"There's the land. (Have you seen

it?)
It's the cussedest land that I know.
From the big, dizzy mountains that
screen it
To the deep, deathlike valleys below.
Some say God was tired when he
made it,
Some say it's a fine land to shun,
Maybe; but there's some as would
trade it
For no land on earth—and I'm
one."

+ + +

The workshop activities of the Carmel Players are becoming increasingly popular and are being made more interesting all the time. Eleanor Irwin's class in costume designing, for instance, now includes a course in backstage construction under B. Franklin Dixon, and Kay Knudsen is instructing the members in lighting.

Work for the play-writing round table, another workshop group, is prepared from assignments and brought into the meetings, so that each night's discussions focus on the problems to be met in the assignments. This work does not mean necessarily the writing of a complete play from the themes or situations outlined. A synopsis, a complete scene or even a sequence of dialogue to the extent of a page or so are regarded as suitable credentials for those taking part in

the round table discussions. This group meets Tuesday night at Pine Inn under the supervision of Charlie Van Riper. Among those who are participating in the group are Mary Ackroyd, Anna Marie Baer,

+ + +

LINDA ROOKE-LEY MOVES MACBETH'S TO LINCOLN

Linda Rooke-Ley picked up her things and moved Macbeth's to the Aucourt Building on Lincoln street yesterday. You will find her there today, doing Macbeth's as a lending library and as interior decorator.

+ + +

BERNICE FRASER IS BUILDING NEW HOME ON OCEAN AVE.

Mrs. Bernice Fraser, who recently sold her home at Camino Real and Ocean avenue to John Milton Thompson of Monterey, is going to stay at Normandy Apartments until her new home, to be built at Carmelo and Ocean, is ready for her.

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CLANGING CYMBALS



Don't ask me how Mary and I got on to the subject of rattlesnakes yesterday. Or, rather, how Mary got on to the subject. To be sure Mary was in bad and she had to get on to some subject, preferably something to do with the far away and the long ago. I have often thought of her as having the quality of a stream—its torrents and quietudes, its laughter and tears, its wayward love and implacable undings. And its habit of going underground when muddied and emerging at a distance wholly un-defiled. It was something like that yesterday.

For those of you who have not heard the tale of Mary and the rape of the Sargent house, I'll review briefly why Mary was on the mat yesterday. A month ago I went away leaving the care of Sir Thomas Sargent, the cat, to Mary who adores him. I would trust Thomas with Mary as I would my life, I told everyone. In the effulgence of my trust, I gave this Indian doxy a ten-dollar check, in exchange for which she was to go to Vining's for a half a pound of liver (charged to me) and bring it down here and feed it to the cat. This, once a day at any time to suit her convenience.

"And if I am gone longer, I'll send you more money," I said.

"Awhkh," grunted Mary, looking a ten-dollar check square in the face for the first time in her life. "You gi' me tan dollar, you stay gone alla time, hah. Tan dollar. He is too much for feed Thomas. I take care Thomas good just for nawthing. He is good ol' cat. Mebbe I get Isabel shoes now; mebbe li'l beer for me. Tan dollar, he is too much." And she tucked it hurriedly into the col of her bosom.

I was gone three weeks. When I opened my door on returning home my house seemed utterly strange to me. I couldn't understand it at all. It stunk. It stunk. It had a sort of flier about it; an indescribably naughty air. There were all sorts of mysteries. I went for wood and there was no wood. I made a cup of tea; no sugar. There was gum on my cigarette shelf by the toilet. And everywhere abode the stench of cheap perfume. I think an abandoned brothel would have been like that. The piteous stale qualities of by-gone orgies.

After a time Sir Thomas, sullen and ragged, emerged from under the house and sat fixing me with accusing eyes. It was more than I could stand. I fled the place.

Well, it seems I was the only person in these parts who didn't know what had happened. Linda Rooke-Ley's version went thus:

Mary: "Why I walk alla way down that house every day jest feed Tommy? Isabel, he is got short legs. He no like walk. Why I not live there?"

And she did. She and the Three Brats.

Followed beautiful logic: "Why I feed all that fine meat ol' Thomas? Why I do that? Tommy, he is tough o' cat. Why I not eat that meat for me?"

And she did.

Now, for five days Mary hadn't shown her face. I heard that she had a bad cold, but I didn't want to see her anyway. With lots of hot water and old rags and the kind

of handy elbow grease that I acquired on the farm, I scoured this house to a pretty finish. And by yesterday morning I had accrued so much virtue to myself thereby, what with ravished fingernails, house-maid's knee and a bitterly frazzled disposition that I could bide my time no longer and sent for the hussy. An accretion of epithet and abuse fairly coated my tongue. Enconced in pillows with my breakfast tray on my lap and a cigarette cockily asmoke, I rehearsed my fine lines and waited.

At ten o'clock a familiar figure came down the road. Mary's walk! That endearing, enchanting awkwardness of the woman whose outward grace is now only an inward memory. Then the stumbling step on the back stairs. Then the bouquet. Always fantastic in proportion to their import, Mary's bouquet yesterday morning was the perfect triumph over Mary's sense of shame. Tall, onetime-orange spikes of some hybrid cactus, one derelict pinkish chrysanthemum, a bough of bedraggled acacia, a gaunt stalk of old goldenrod, a purple geranium and three pansies.

Like Birnham Wood this came through the kitchen and advanced on my not-too-fortified stronghold. From behind it presently emerged the certain threnody of Mary's face. Planting her "idol thighs" apart, she hurled the flowers at my embattled breast and gave voice.

"Awhkh," she said, "if ain't wan thing it's awther."

I said nothing—with effort.

"Is Charlie. He is very sick. He is got noomona." And down the tweedy brown of Mary's big cheeks the tears flowed willingly. Charlie is her first-born. He is also as good an alibi as any and she has never used him before. However, I didn't see this until afterward. Now I only saw her wracked with shame and self-consciousness, half afraid yet ready at any moment to be fully defiant. She raised her hands from her sides and slapped her thighs in that old gesture of despair.

It took a moment for me to frame my words.

"Sit down, Mary, and have a cigarette," I said.

And thus, in some obscure manner, we came to rattlesnakes.

"This is when Charlie is little faller, not more as wan year, mebbe little more. Charlie's father he is go off in woods way over Big Pines for hunt and me and Charlie we go by him as far as our ol' cabin up on Ventana Ridge. Hah, this is pretty place, this place." Mary sighed.

(But how the devil did you get a dustpanful of sand between the mattress and the springs, you full-blown floozie? I asked myself.)

"From this place when is not any fog there is Salinas and Santa Cruz and on wan side is the ocean, all big. Charlie an me we take ol' Rita she is good little buckskin mare, an' we go up on the hill little ways and Charlie he play to help me chop wood for our fire. Sometime we take sangwich an' li'l glass wine and him and me we cut this wood and then we set under big bay tree, this wan is take twenty men all the same time to go 'round the trunk, an' we watch the sun an' listen to those cable from ol' lime kilns go up and down. These cable, they make noise like singing song. Siinnnggg. siinnnggg. Like that."

(Couldn't Johnnie have left my precious Oxford dictionaries alone,

the little bastard, I muttered to myself, my voice in spite of me growing fainter and farther away.)

"Well, alla time before we go stay in this ol' cabin, we have to tie food on rope and hang this from roof. Rats. Awhkh. Plenty damn rats come for eat everything. But is funny now. Everything is o.k. No rats. I guess mebbe they just get tired waiting for us to come and go all way. But there is wan more thing I notice is funny too. This is when me and Charlie we are still asleep in bed and I feel something go over my legs on the bed. I put out my foot and kick him off. But I think this is ver' funny. If those rats come in cabin why they not eat our food any more? I think this is very funny."

(What the hell was that half a caramel cake and those two unfinished glasses of wine doing under the bed? I say feebly inside myself and with that utterance expire.)

"So wan day me an' Charlie we go up on this hill for chop some wood for cook our supper. It is pretty hot day and we take sangwich an' li'l jug wine and after this we go pretty sleepy. When I wake up Charlie he is gone."

At this point Sir Thomas, restored, stalks in, gazes for one moment at first Mary and then me, and leaps on to Mary's stomach.

"Then I am pretty scared you bet. Charlie he can walk pretty good for little boy and I look at the sun and he is gone down so far I guess I been sleep now wan, two hours mebbe. So I jump up quick and run around in de boosh, an' I holler out loud but I no can find Charlie. I say to Rita, 'Rita, you tell me which way Charlie go,' but Rita she only eat grass. Then I think I hear noise in boosh and I am more scared as ever. Some folks he have told me this ol' faller he

lives down by Hots Springs he is crazy faller to kill things. He is crazy for kill churldern. He is wance kill little boy like Charlie but he is always hide in de boosh and no one is ever find him. Well, I am only sixteen year old an' you bet I am pretty scared this ol' faller he is kill Charlie. I think I must go to cabin, and get my shotgun and go hunt for Charlie. Alla time I cry and I think Charlie's father he kill me if I doan find him. Oh is awful I tell you."

"So I am running down the trail for this shotgun, I am foolish girl leave my shotgun home, and then I see cabin an' I see this ol' faller he go slow and quiet up to cabin door. Me I am stuck with my feet in the ground. At same time I see this, I hear Charlie inside cabin laugh and laugh all to himself. He laugh fit to kill."

"Me, I doan know what to do but I take oak stick off Rita's back and I plenty damn mad so ver' quiet I sneak up by the back of this ol' faller and I think I kill him with stick. But when I get little near, I hear awther noise, too. This noise, he sound plenty good—plenty good, humph!"

"So I wait an' this ol' faller he go soft up by cabin door. And then he go run like hell."

Mary slapped her knees and chuckled merrily, cruelly leaving me to my suspense.

"What was it?" I am at last constrained to ask.

"Awhkh. This nawthing but these rattlesnake. This is what I feel go over my legs at night. Is Charlie he sits up on the bed and on wan side is wan big snake with his head up pretty mad and on awther side is awther snake. These snakes they live under bed in cabin."

"Charlie he is have pretty good time to play with these snakes. He is reach out wan hand to wan snake and awther hand to awther snake an' they see it is only me to come in an' they unwound themselves an' then after little time sun go down and they go under bed again."

Sir Thomas clings perilously but fast asleep to Mary's avalanching lap. There was something I had to say to Mary but it's forgotten and in any case no doubt unimportant.

"These my little brothers, these snakes," Mary says meditatively. Then she slaps her knees again in gleeful recollection. "That ol' faller he sure run like hell."

And down the tweedy brown of Mary's big cheeks tears of merriment flow willingly.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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A Column About
Eating and Eaters

A delightful cookbook, quite literally unique, has just been published. Under the title "Early California Hospitality" it deals with California foods today generally called "Spanish." The author of this volume is well fitted for her work. She is Mrs. Ana Bégue Packman, a direct descendant of Juan Francisco Reyes, an early alcalde of Los Angeles, and Maximo Alaniz, the founder of Rancho San Jose de Buenos Aires, now Westwood Hills. Mrs. Packman begins back at the first appearance of the Spanish colonists in California and explains what perhaps most people do not realize—that our so-called Spanish dishes "are actually the native foods of the western Indian, tastefully improved to satisfy the palate of the Spanish colonists." The two got together, the native and the newcomer, and pooled their resources. The Spanish had brought with them a small quantity of beans, dried meat, and tomato and pumpkin seeds; the Indians contributed wild greens, seeds and roots. By the padre and his men the Indians were taught how to cultivate and irrigate the fertile California soil to produce a greater variety of food than the few native greens they had been eating. There were also in those early days blackberries and grapes and strawberries growing wild along riverbeds, and for meat an abundance of wild geese, ducks, doves, rabbits and quail. Deer, antelope and bears were not so easily caught but were finally sacrificed also to man's hunger for fresh meat. Seeds and slips arrived occasionally on vessels which had safely rounded the perilous Horn and from them grew and flourished the orchards and vineyards for which California is now famous—olive, quince, pomegranate, fig, pear, prune, orange, and sour lime. This variety of fruits did much to augment the feasts set forth so lavishly by the Spaniards, feasts to which any traveler was welcome, regardless of whether he walked in rags or rode in satin. All in all, they had a fairly wide choice of foods on their menus in those open-handed, open-hearted days of glamorous Alta California.

After her two chapters on "Early California Food" and "First Native Fruits and Vegetables" Mrs. Packman takes you right into the kitchen of her ancestors, with this introductory sentence: "Out-of-doors beneath a breezy green ramada which served as an open-air kitchen for the alcalde's adobe, stooped Chata, the flat-nosed cocinera, over the stone hornilla." Mrs. Packman, you see, sprinkles Spanish words into her story with as lavish a hand as a Spanish cook adding chile to her dishes. There is a glossary at the back of the book, however, if you get stuck. By the time I finished perusing this entertaining volume I had the pleasing illusion that I was practically reading Spanish!

The author's great-grandmother—the patrona to Chata, the Indian cocinera—taught her the fine art of old California cookery. "Chata remained in the family through three generations," explains Mrs. Packman, "and taught the young Californians the traditional blending of the native foods. It was she who taught Nini. Nini taught mi madre, and mi madre passed it on step by step to her daughter, who here presents for perpetuation the fol-

lowing dishes for a modern world to enjoy and appreciate. She has reduced the pinch and taste method of Chata to the modern and exacting culinary spoon, cup, pound, and gallon measurements of today."

And that is why this book is just as practical as it is colorful and romantic. From it you really can learn not only how to make the familiar tortillas, enchiladas, frijoles and tamales, but a rich variety of dishes with such intriguing names as tostones, burritos, albondigas de gallina, coyotas, empanaditas, champurado, jiricalla and many others. I had almost decided to give you the recipe for pollo guisado (stewed chicken) which has a delectable sound, when I noticed it ended thus: "Serve with side dishes of garbanzos, arroz, chile rellenos, and torrijas..." I couldn't very well tell you how to make pollo guisado and then leave you out on a limb wondering what to do about those important and mysterious side dishes of garbanzos, arroz, chile rellenos and torrijas!

I think I shall always look with a different eye on those attractive strings of chile Colorado hanging as a decorative note at the doors of the new little "Mexican farmhouses." Red peppers were the most frequently required ingredient in the dishes prepared by the cocinera of those early Spanish households. It was not for their gay color and decorative effect that the strings of chile Colorado were hung in the sunshine—it was because you simply could not keep house without them in California de antes!

You will find not only individual recipes but characteristic menus for desayuno, almuerzo, comida de medio día, la merienda and cena (breakfast, morning lunch, noon-day dinner, afternoon tea and supper to you!). Also described most delightfully are other occasions for eating: comida de campo (picnic dinner or barbecue) and the elaborate boda (banquet), when the tables groaned in the traditional manner under the generous spread of the art of la cocinera, which it had taken days for her and her staff of Indian helpers to prepare.

A final chapter deals with "Traditions and Customs of Hospitality"; it includes the Christmas and other holy fiestas, as well as those connected with the work of the ranches, el rodeo and la matanza. Life was necessarily rather simple in California de antes and their pleasures were such as they made themselves—dancing and feasting. And how they could do both!

Even if you're not particularly interested in cooking you can't help enjoying "Early California Hospitality" for its wealth of fascinating and informative detail. It contains many historically accurate and charming pictures of intimate domestic life described by Mrs. Packman with vivid simplicity.

—CONSTANT EATER

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Sally Looks Over Present Art Gallery Show and Reports as Follows:

Having ensconced ourselves firmly on one of the nice soft benches at the Carmel Art Gallery, preparatory to looking at the new show which was hung Tuesday, we were delighted to be joined by Tommy, the friendly gray cat at the Gallery. And in spite of his insistence about being petted (and we're very fond of petting cats), it was impossible to keep our eyes off some of the fine pictures being shown.

Our eye was caught first by a Myron Oliver called "Gloucester Evening." Done in greens, lavenders, blues and purples, it was softly mellow, yet startlingly intense. The houses in the foreground were fine, and the bay in which were several sail boats was a lovely shade of vivid green. The background was a town which was enhanced with a few dull red roofs. The painting had an awareness and humanness which made us feel that it would be a joy to live with.

John Langley Howard's landscape was the most modern of the pictures exhibited. The sky was completely fantastic, so fantastic that it took the eye away from the rest of the picture and it was a long time before it (the eye) could get down to the hills and trees, which were very good in spite of the tortuous route to them.

Our pet rave was a pastel by Jean Kellogg which we almost walked away with. It was the altar at Mission St. Xavier and the colors were exquisitely rich. It didn't look like a Persian rug, but suggested one. Another one by Jean Kellogg was entitled "La Osa." This was not so good, but she used a nice brown that was enjoyable.

Two oils by Burton Boudney were hung. "Unloading Sardines—Monterey" was a lovely little thing done in soft grays. It was lighted by two bits of bright color which saved it from having too much sameness between the sky and the ocean. The other was a seascape done in beautiful greens and blues. The subject was good and the composition excellent.

Bill Irwin painted a stunning-looking thing called "Spring Fever," which has been shown before. He used swell colors and we liked the way a thick dark tree on one side was balanced on the other side by three slender dark ones. The trees in the background were a soft shade of green and in front of the farmhouse was a wagon drawn by two horses, which added a nice touch. Another painting by Bill Irwin in the exhibit was a portrait of his wife which he called "Floor Dweller." In it, he used a great deal of blue and a lot of mellow brown and yellow.

John O'Shea's "Maine Coast" was painted very simply and strongly. A dark rock covered nearly half the picture while the rest was sea, and what a sea! He caught the beautiful turquoise colors and the light blues well. The frame we felt ruined the effect and made it impossible fully to appreciate the painting.

Percy Gray had a painting entitled "Oak Tree" which was done in his usual soft manner. There was a good cloud effect but rather uninteresting colors were used.

"October Evening," by Armin Hansen, was unusual. In back of the light hills with the dying sun on them, was a mellow yellow sky and a strip of light came across the barnyard. The composition was intensely interesting. A dark barn on one side, on the other a hay stack lighted across the top with a streak of orange. In the foreground were dark fences.

Joe Cannon had a watercolor called "Monterey House" which we looked at, said for heaven's sake, turned away and then looked again. At first it looked childish, but we found that it wasn't so at all, and began to enjoy it with a few quiet chuckles. The painting had a sense of humor.

William Ritachel showed a winter sea in his "Monterey Coast." It was alive. Good composition was shown in Emma Kraft's "Oak Family" and the nice dull colors were lightened by the gray trunks of the trees.

Julie Stohr's "In the Subway" was a disappointment because we have seen some of her things that we liked very much. The subject was three nuns with clenched hands and lovely faces, well painted, while the rest of the picture was not.

Arthur Hill Gilbert had two landscapes, which had fine cloud effects. In one he has used a lot of rich golden color, with dull velvety green, dark shadows and a rather startling bit of blue ocean.

A lovely thing of rich colors is Leslie Wulff's "Storm Clearing." Alvin Beller's pastel, "Mantle of Snow," was another of our favorites. To our surprise we found a watercolor by Armin Hansen, and it is unusual for him to paint watercolors. Others in the exhibit were Richard Taggart, William McGlynn, Charles O. Horton, Mary Scovel, Laura Maxwell, William Watts, Stanford Stevens, Margaret Ingalls and D'Arcy Gaw.

It seemed too bad to have to leave because we had really enjoyed the afternoon, but we had a feeling that Janie wouldn't let us stay much longer, so we shrieked a good-bye to her, and whispered in Tommy's ear that he was very good company at an art exhibit and asked

him to join us for the next one. So we went out into the dreary, rainy, stormy day with our head full of gay colors and didn't mind the dreariness nearly as much as usual. —S. F.

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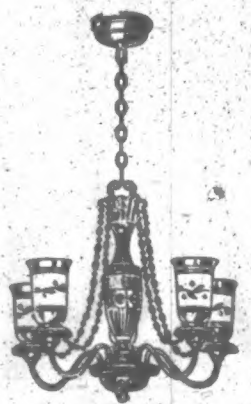
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"Night of January 16th"

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Pacific Grove High School Auditorium

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Margaret Grant Gives Talk

The evocative quality of Margaret Grant's talk on Devonshire at Mrs. Roper's the other day was not the least of its charms to me. When she spoke of the slow Devon men, of the tilth and harvest of the Devon land, its "red earth, red cattle, red women"; of the grave of Poor Jane at the crossroads and her pitiful crime; of the hideousities ranged along the cupboard shelves in the low old farmhouse of that famous shire; of the abiding temper that gave them their motto, *Semper Fidelis*; when she talked of these things then I was at once in the Old and the New, England. For in my time, also, every man had his cider press in his barn. And if we did not pull our forelock to the gentry, I also know of an old grandfather who was pickled in the kitchen corner until the frost was outen the graound and there was fit diggin'. (As I remember it, in the case I know, grandfather was left until after Spring planting.) Yea, and my grandmothers, too, took their aprons and dusted off the visitor's chair. Mrs. Grant seems to think that may have been the remnant of some ancient custom, but I'm laying a bet that it was only the pious fear of that old devil, Dust, which like Satan himself came stealthily between the going in and the coming out and albeit God had rested on the Sabbath there was no slothful Seventh Day for the cleanly.

Mrs. Grant's grandfather was a clergyman in Devon from 1850 until 1870, having to go down from London Town by stage in those first days and things had not changed much since Elizabethan times. They were the last days of the hunting parsons when if you looked closely enough you might be astonished to see a suggestion of a pink coat under the white surplice of your pastor during service one day when the whips were already mounted and the hounds still at leash and the leash of his devours to the Lord holding your man of God with a little constraint as feasible.

Witches brewed you simples and went picking in the lanes for puppies' blood and toenails. And old John Russell, that frocked and also stirrumped gentleman, backed his horse up to the great oaken gate of the inn at Dartmouth, inside which the innkeeper had shut him and his hounds as an argument in favor of payment of an outlandish bill, and made his horse kick until he kicked his master and the argument free to beat it home across the moors.

Ah, forthright days! If you didn't do right by your old maw and paw, you got a "drumming." That is, the neighbors all gathered with mortars and pestles, with dishpans and sticks, and they drummed you out of your house and down the lanes away.

There were other charming tales. Mrs. Grant's favorite had to do with the strange little girl, ward of a Devon clergyman, who was suspected of being the illegitimate daughter of the illegitimate husband of the illegitimate wife of one of George the Third's prog-

THIS THING AND THAT

MISNOMER

St. Valentine was a Bishop of Rome
Who lived a life ascetic.
His deeds while here were exemplary,
His martyrdom pathetic.

When they threw him in jail without any bail
He returned for this evil, kindness,
And unafraid, he succoured a maid
Till he cured her of her blindness.

Official ranks proffered no thanks
For this act of pure compassion,
But the Emperor's men murdered him then
In cruel and summary fashion.

This good bishop of Rome kept his eyes at home
And never ogled the ladies:
Decorous and chaste he faultlessly faced
The powers of heaven and hades.

You may be sure his heart so pure
It grievously would harrow
To be represented by a quite unrepentant
Gamin with bow and arrow.

His robes were long and modest,
And it would give him hurt
To be mistaken for a bold little pagan
Who dispenses with vest and skirt.

He discoursed not of roses red
And never of violets blue;
And sugar, though sweet (if he had it to eat)
Failed utterly to remind him of you.

Yea, unless I am biased his dreams were pious,
And never of roses red.
He dwelt above censure. Beyond peradventure
He slept on a lone hard bed.

I swear it somewhat singular—
Nay, little short of stupid—
For an amorous world, on the fourteenth of Feb.
To associate him with Cupid.

—E. F.

eny. At any rate the day Victoria was born she ceased to be the concern of mysterious, fustian gentlemen in wigs and for aught we know may have died in obscurity and miserableness who might have saved us from the necessitous Mr. Freud.

Silly to go on like this, but it was a jolly afternoon with all Mrs. Roper's chairs and the bottom steps filled and the lusty spirit of the hunting parsons abroad and a hint of the wind across the moors in the narrator's voice. As I said, it took me back to old new england and if she will let me I should like to swap yarns with Mrs. Grant some day.

—L. S.

A meeting of the board of trustees of the Sunset School district will be held this afternoon at 3 o'clock at the school.

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HOTEL DEL MONTE

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o'clock at the Filmarthe Theatre. Charlie Van Riper and the members of his workshop group are planning some skits, and the dolls made in Eleanor Irwin's class will be on exhibit. Although Chick McCarthy says there is no other premeditated entertainment, it looks as though the Players have a few tricks up their sleeves, and the meeting promises to be lots of fun. Frances Baker, Helen Coolidge, Wilma Carroll Bott, Lou Van Antwerp Hulings, Henriette S. Klein, Gwendolyn Knight, Maude MacKenzie, Dorothy Stephenson, G. F. Tooker, Betty Work, By Ford, Frank Townsend, John Eaton, Frank Work and Willard Wheeler.

+ + +

Boy Scout Troop 37 will have its next court of honor Wednesday, February 16, at 8 o'clock at the Scout House. The pioneer, beaver and eagle patrols are each planning a skit.

The following boys will receive awards: Kenneth Jones, second class scout; Halbert Moeller, merit badges for personal health, radio and reading; George Gosler, first class scout and merit badges for firemanship, personal health and reading. A gold medal is to be awarded the most outstanding valuable scout. His merits will be based on tests passed, service to the troop, attendance, etc. The patrol making the best showing will be awarded a patrol flag. Scout speakers for the evening will be Hugh Evans, whose topic is "What Is Scouting?" Dick Williams and Halbert Moeller talking on "Merit Badges."

Walter Kellogg is the scoutmaster for this troop.

Troop 86 will hold its court of honor Friday, February 18, at 8 o'clock at the Scout House. They will have investiture service and will present skits. Carl Moll is the scoutmaster.

The Boy Scout exhibit in the Carmel Garage has attracted a great deal of attention and is well worth seeing. It is in connection with Boy Scout Week.

+ + +

Dolly Kistler has returned from Butte, Montana, where she has been visiting her parents.

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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Ahah!

Grim Alcatraz and the "life he lived" are getting Al Capone at last!

What meat for a temperance meeting! What meat for the journalists to make leads of! How like they are, the newspapermen and the temperance people!

They take material facts and blend in the emotional stuff, basted with soul-lifting vacuous words, and give us our daily papers where in even the market news must be sprightly.

But Capone: Grim Alcatraz, and the "dread disease" the news papers hint at as being paresis, or a late stage of syphilis, are taking their toll.

And Scarface Al has only a year to go, more or less. How about a little euthanasia? He has only a year to go before he can go back to his fabled fortune, won in the bad old days, and start dodging process servers and lead.

But all this baloney about grim Alcatraz! It's probably a new sort of heaven, or haven, to a lot of the inmates, regardless of the highly-tinted efforts interviewers put into writing up the old crows just let out.

+

Nonsense in the news!

Now England's "keenest diplomatic minds" labor on plans to have the nations line up to "humanize aerial warfare." Seems as though we heard something like that before 1914. It had to do with gas. It didn't work.

Let's change all that. Make war as terrible as possible, which wouldn't be exaggerating just what it is now by very much.

Let's point out how our Navy could strafe Japan, bombing immense cities, destroying thickly settled farm lands, blasting brown humanity.

Then, when our pretty girls get ready to wave handkerchiefs to the handsome boys in khaki and blue going off to fight across the Pacific, they'd have a better idea of what they were going to do.

But, of course, WE never do that to OUR enemies.

So let the keenest diplomatic minds labor away. They might do better at holding a chess tournament. Besides, it would be a lot quieter.

+

Then, too, we have a SPLENDID idea. Perfectly splendid, my

dears! The idea, also in the news, is to have Japan reveal the extent of her naval building. I thought we might have spies to save the trouble of asking such a foolish question.

Besides, we have a pretty good idea of how much scrap iron we have been shipping to Japan and why, and how many tons equals one good big ship which might some day move in on Hawaii just as the little brown men's fleets have moved in on Japan's League of Nations concessions.

Funny thing! After what the League did to favor Japan, might not Japan have shown the League more encouragement to stay alive!

+

Oh, yes! Nonsense in the news. On the streets, too.

There are the county pound masters, nice fellows, no doubt, but pretty foolish looking as they drive about Carmel, sweeping the streets with their eyes for doggies.

We had lotsa fun! We spied these same dog-catchers, getting down to work on Ocean avenue. They, three of them, walked up to four dogs, a Kerry blue, two police dogs, and a nondescript collie.

They patted and cajoled the Kerry blue into making friends. Quietly they began putting him into the pound truck, but smell of frightened canines made him obstreperous. He didn't want to go, and two poundmen worked hard to shove the dog through the door.

But here's where we had so much fun. Those three big fellows began stalking the three remaining dogs.

They'd make a move, and we'd whistle. They straighten up and look around, just as if they weren't doing anything. Just like bad kids. Yea, they felt pretty strong with their stars over their hearts, too!

Then, seeing no one, they'd stalk again. We'd whistle. They'd straighten up. Nobody in sight.

But, we forgot to mention our own little delivery van. We have two small children therein, who are just learning to whistle.

Well, we whistled. The children whistled. And the poundmen drove around the block. We drove off, all of us whistling, just like a bunch of whistling swans and twice as happy.

+

And just to show us how ridiculous we can sometimes look, there was Joe Louis in the all-Negro film the other day.

Deadpan Joe, all perked up and a matinee idol type! Just because we aren't the same color brought home how stupid our own Barrymores, Valentinos, Colmans, and that guy with the ears, all look.

+

Yah! And that big noise about cockfights. Sure, we have cockfights. Possibly we had them from the time the Padres came with their Latin bands.

A polite, public-minded lady found out that oo! ever so many cockfights were staged in California. It was state-wide!

Who knows, there may be cockfights up Carmel Valley, in Salinas, in Pajaro, where I am residing at present, and what of it—I mean the cockfights?

+

Great excitement was caused on Saturday afternoon by the appearance of a bi-plane on the Carmel beach, owned by Bruce Terry and his brother of Los Angeles. The flyers, on their way north from Monrovia, had to make a forced landing due to motor trouble. Within an hour the motor was in shape and they were under way again.

Dr. Cadman Talks Here on 'Implications Of a Managed Economy'

"Some Implications of a Managed Economy" was the subject of a talk given by Dr. Paul Cadman at the mid-year luncheon meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club Tuesday at Pine Inn.

Before citing five implications, Dr. Cadman explained that the necessary manifestation of the managed economy was that it tended to centralize and pull together, and the more we plan and centralize, the less individual liberty we have. He said: "The search for directed and managed economy is not new, but the intensity with which we pursue it is new." Dr. Cadman went on to tell that our search for "that elusive thing called security" has brought us further and further away from it. Bringing gasps from the audience, the speaker said that in the managing of economy it seems increasingly evident that prices must be managed, as money and credit are already managed, and there was now a bill before Congress that wants the Federal Reserve System to be not only managed by the government, as it is now, but to be owned by the government. This would be followed by the managing of wages, and so, as the sequence of managed economy moves steadily, it becomes necessary to analyze it.

The first implication of managed economy, as told by Dr. Cadman, was "the more managed economy, the greater restriction on human

liberty." The second was that "we cannot have a managed economy without a manager." He said that he did not imply a specific manager, but followed this statement with the remark that Roosevelt may find himself a dictator in spite of himself. The third implication was found to be "that once a plan has been adopted, the program must be followed and the government resembles something called a dictatorship." Dr. Cadman then asked the questions, "What is there in the democratic principle for which people are going to stand?" and "When we say we'll take our stand with the great democracies of the world what is the stand?"

If production is controlled, and it is in seven great categories of agriculture, every pound of surplus will be taxed and, controlling the production of food and certain goods will become involved, was Dr. Cadman's fourth implication. He says that if we control production we will have to control consumption, which will be cutting down on the distribution of wealth. The fifth point was that where we centralize the government, the democratic process slows down.

+

The rector and Mrs. Carel Hulswé entertained the members of All Saints' Vestry and their wives Monday night at dinner. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ewig, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wheldon, Paul Prince and R. J. Gale.

Plans Complete For Valentine Dance

Plans are completed for the Valentine supper dance Mission Ranch Club is giving tomorrow night, February 12. David Eldridge, manager, has promised members and their friends something unusual in decorations and many people who received the announcements are curious as to what he means by asking them to "walk through the heart."

The club orchestra, directed by Eldridge, will play for dancing from 9 until the small hours of the morning. At midnight a buffet supper will be served and an unusual new dish is promised. There will be entertainment and gaiety and this party is the forerunner of a monthly party for members and their friends. Each one will be different and planned along an individual idea.

Anyone desiring more information regarding the Valentine Supper Dance may call 403. Both members and non-members are invited to attend.

Winners of the duplicate bridge tournament at the Mission Ranch Club Monday night were A. B. Spencer, Mrs. Myrtle McLean and Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Tolfree.

Carmel Dog Licenses

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Tax Collector
City Hall

Please report all dog poisoning immediately to Monterey 3333 or Monterey 7047

PAUL WHITMAN HAS EXHIBIT AT DEL MONTE

Paul Whitman's exhibition of water colors of Guatemala and the Monterey Peninsula was hung Monday at the Del Monte Art Gallery and is creating a great deal of interest. There are seven water colors done on his recent trip to Guatemala, a charcoal of the Berta Ranch in Carmel Valley, a black and white of surf fishermen and seven water colors of various subjects on the Peninsula. The exhibit is open from 2 to 4:30 o'clock in the afternoons and from 8 until 10:30 o'clock in the evenings.

+

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STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or 3/4 of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1265. Business licenses, 261.

Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is, therefore, 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Five members of the city council who, with their designated commissions, are: Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—William L. Hudson.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

Building Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector, License Collector—Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Earl Wermuth, Roy Frates, Douglas Rogers. Telephone 131.

Fire Department—Chief Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. New fire house, on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets, recently completed with aid of WPA. Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh avenues, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning property inside it. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of the library.

The library board of trustees meets every second Tuesday of the month at 10:30 a.m. The meeting is open to the public.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERIES

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day or mornings and evenings by appointment. Call 327. Mrs. Clay Otto, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. The Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sunday, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East

side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. The Rev. Carl J. Hulsewé, rector. Telephone 230. Services: Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. The Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ, Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m. Reading room, south side of Ocean avenue between Lincoln and Monte Verde. Open daily from 11 to 5 and evenings (except Sunday and Wednesday) from 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5 o'clock.

THEATERS

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Filmarte Theater. West side of Monte Verde street between Eighth and Ninth avenues. Occasional plays by the Carmel Players. Amateur actors. Telephone 403.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Mountain View avenue, three blocks south of Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m. Sundays and holidays, 6:45 a.m. only.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 a.m.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean and Seventh avenues. Telephone 630 or Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 312.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean and Seventh avenues. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Dolores and Seventh avenue. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library, and Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service. Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. South-east corner of Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15. Leave for Monterey, A.M.: 8:10, 9:15 and 11:45. P.M.: 12:45, 2:30, 3:45, 5:30 and 6:30. Leave Monterey for Carmel, A.M.: 9:00, 11:20. P.M.: 12:20, 1:30, 3:15, 4:30, 5:45 and 7:00.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. North-bound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:40 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 2:53 and 6:02 p.m. South-bound railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:53 p.m. Arrivals from north: 11:12 a.m., 6:52 and 9:51 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Pacific street in Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone Monterey 5887. Carmel information office, north-west corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey. North-bound, A.M.: 7:50, 9:35. P.M.: 1:05, 2:45, 4:20, 6:45. South-bound, A.M.: 9:00, 10:55. P.M.: 6:45, 10:10.

Arrivals at Monterey from Salinas and south, A.M.: 8:55. P.M.: 12:15, 6:30, 7:55, 9:20. From north, A.M.: 10:25, 11:15. P.M.: 12:20, 3:00, 4:20, 6:30, 7:55, 11:30.

A. Porter Halsey Tells A Story About A Bird

A. Porter Halsey, factum factum of the Carmel Press, told us a story last summer about a little bird. He tried to tell it to us and we weren't the least bit moved. Now, with the first smell of Spring in the air, he tries to hand us the same story and about, he insists, the same bird. As a means and method of getting Halsey out of THE CYMBAL editorial office, we herewith accept his story for what it may be worth to you and give it the unmerited sanctity of CYMBAL type imposed on GYMBAL paper.

It seems, according to Halsey, that one day he observed hopping about on the stem of his Cadillac, which a bit antedates our Packard in the matter of birth, a sparrow. On Halsey's approach the bird continued his peculiar antics in front of the car, jumping from fender to fender, to hood, to fender, and all over again, and away only when Porter was well upon it.

Investigation showed marks of a beak on the nickle-plate of the lights, on the nickle-plated band over the front of the hood. Investigation the next day (this occurs, says Halsey, when the car is parked in front of his house) showed an increasing evidence of pecks on the nickle-plate. From day to day the area of the pecks and the number of them increased and, too, there were other evidences on the front of the car of the prolonged visits of a bird, if you know what we mean. And, too, the bird. He was seen often by the Halsey family.

That was the story as told us last summer; repeatedly told us last summer. In the winter it was forgotten. The bird had disappeared, and the evidences of his presence were cleaned from the stem of the Cadillac.

But now—back he comes! The very same bird! Halsey says he can tell that by his marked personality. Anyway, he is repeating the gyrations of last year, increasing the pecked surface of the nickle-plate, and the other evidences of his gymnastics.

And the thing has been solved, or so think we, having at last accepted the story.

Little Esmeralda, or maybe it's Esmeraldo, sees himself in the nickle-plate of the lights, and the band over the hood. He is intrigued by himself. He pecks at his reflection in one distorting mirror, hops to another one for a different distortion and pecks at that; hops to another, etc.

What gets us is, if he spent the winter, or the biggest part of it, in Vera Cruz or Coronado, did he spend the time down there pining for the nickle-plated Cadillac, parked up on Mountain View avenue in Carmel? And how much time did it take him to find it again this year?

Queer, isn't it, but our knowledge about human interest stories makes it a natural, anyway.

+ + +

LIGHT SHOP OPENS UP IN MONTEREY

The Monterey Light Shop is being opened today by Ralph Howland and C. A. Wilhelmson. Howland has had 16 years in the electrical business and can do almost anything along that line, while Wilhelmson has done insulation work for several years and is returning to the Peninsula after a

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

CHARMING NEW HOUSE, three bedrooms, two baths. Ready for occupancy. Well financed. Priced right. Betty Jean Newell, Real Estate and Insurance. Eighth and Dolores. Telephone Carmel 303.

SMALL LOT household furniture. Gas range, bedroom set, dining room set, etc. Inquire at Fraser Looms.

HOUSES TO RENT

FOUR BEDROOM house. Two baths. Marine View. Very Reasonable. Phone Carmel 586.

ATTRACTIVE two bedroom house. Completely furnished. Fireplace, floor furnace. \$35 a month. Call Carmel 586. (6)

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

ALL attractive Studio apartment, reasonable rent. Inquire Box 178.

FOR RENT—3-room apartment and small cottage. Phone 1215-W. (tf)

FOR SALE

Miscellaneous

WEDGEWOOD gas stove \$10. Bell Electric Shop, Carmel Theatre Bldg. Phone 1040. (6)

EXPERIENCED secretary wishes part-time work. Manuscripts reasonably typed. Call Carmel 586. (6)

JOBS WANTED

EXPERIENCED CHAUFFEUR, courteous, well-informed, wants a regular job on the Peninsula, or is available for special trips or tours. Address Box L-17, Cymbal Office, Carmel, or telephone Carmel 15. (tf)

MISCELLANEOUS

SHO-CARDS. Posters, Signs, Lettering. Reasonable Rates. Dick Carter. Telephone 1404-J. (tf)

ARCHIE B. FLEMING—ENGINEER. Surveying, Mapping, Topographical Surveys. Mont. Co. Trust and Savings Bldg. Phone Carmel 198. (tf)

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

Four intramural baseball games will be played at Sunset School next week. Scheduled for February 14 the Cougars play the Sluggers and the Panthers the Maulers. On February 16 the Cougars will play the Ramblers and the Wolves will play the Sluggers. The scores for the various teams stand, so far: Sluggers, won 3, lost 0; Ramblers, won 2, lost 1; Cougars, won 2, lost 1; Maulers, won 1, lost 2; Wolves, won 0, lost 2. The record is incomplete due to the rains, but will soon be made up.

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A new traffic schedule has been worked out and is as follows:

Feb. 14-18, Irving Williams, La Verne Gearing; Feb. 21-25, Baird Bardarson, Bill Monroe; Feb. 28-March 4, Jack Bradley, Bob Holm; Mar. 7-11, Louis Levinson, Bradley Quinn; Mar. 14-18, Dick Rohr, Harry Warrington; Mar. 21-25, Robert Estep, Bill Christensen; Mar. 28-April 1, Tracy Winslow, Bob Gansel; April 4-8, Jimmie Heisinger, John Morell; April 18-22, George Atherton, Tommy Leach; April 25-29, Hans Sappok, George Moller; May 2-6, Bill Briner, Elwood Stoney; May 9-13, Arthur Jones, Arleigh Gearing; May 16-20, John Murphy, Dick Mack; May 23-27, Gordy Miyamoto, Bill Plein; May 30-June 3, George Moller, John Morrell; June 6-10, Irving Williams, La Verne Gearing.

Substitutes: Bill Goss, Fred Moller, Rhys Smith.

February 14-18

Monday: Molded vegetable salad, tomato bouillon, macaroni and cheese, carrots, ice cream.

Tuesday: Fruit salad, cream of spinach soup, beef stew, peas, fruit cup.

Wednesday: Blushing pear salad, alphabet soup, succotash, artichokes, ice cream.

Thursday: Sunset salad, vegetable soup, tagliarini, spinach, jello.

Friday: Tomato aspic salad, clam chowder, escalloped potatoes, string beans, ice cream.

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GIRL SCOUTS FASCINATED BY OLD TIME DANCES

The Girl Scout leaders of the Monterey Peninsula spent an entertaining evening doing old-fashioned dances and folk dances following the business session of their Teachers' Association meeting, on Tuesday evening.

Particular items of business considered were the appointment of troop scribes to be members of a troop Scribe Club under the sponsorship of the publicity committee of the Girl Scout Council, prospects of organizing a radio troop and an anniversary celebration in March.

The Girl Scout leaders expressed their appreciation for the assistance Mrs. George Turner of Pacific Grove gave as pianist for the dancing.

+ + +

Are't you tired of the same old things?

BUSSEY'S FURNITURE EXCHANGE

New, Used and Unfinished Furniture

Liberal Trade Allowance

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BARNET J. SEGAL

OCEAN AVENUE NEXT TO THE POST OFFICE BUILDING

Telephone Carmel 63

Virginia Scardigli Writes About Mr. Connick's Art

I had a private pre-view of some of the Fair sculpture that is causing all the row. Said row, by the way, may be just a bit of publicity angling by the new Fair manager, Harris Connick, although "lousy" is hardly a term to use if that is his purpose. In fact, "lousy" is not the term to use at all with most of the pieces which he has criticized. Those that I saw rode the rail between streamlined classicism and the full-rounded forms of the "Mexican school." Of the two extremes, the streamliners are the unhappy ones. You can't take a good conservative sculptor, still more, a bad conservative sculptor, and make a good "modern" out of him by the application of the outer facts of dynamic symmetry and no inner construction. Streamlining a model T. Ford in the manner of some of the big 200-and-more-per-hour racers of today would give you some

idea of the functional and artistic dishonesty of this type of sculpture. Connick, I am afraid, rather favors this last type. He believes that "the Exposition must cater to the public, which must be entertained with sculpture easy on the eye." But if you think that 70-foot "Pacifica" of Stackpole's, which Connick thinks "excellent," is going to be "easy on the eye" you have another think coming. I have already suggested to a friend of mine that he start a chain of Swedish massage booths on the Fair grounds for tired and aching sightseers. A couple of dozen darkened halls for relieving eye-strain should be welcome after viewing "Pacifica."

And what makes Saturday in San Francisco a red-letter day? Not the day after fish day . . . no . . . no . . . It's THE CYMBAL!

Love.

—JINNY

Wherein We Receive a Letter From Imelman and Wherein We Answer It

THE CARMEL CYMBAL, Gentlemen:

We are very gratified by the results from our dollar-day ad printed exclusively in THE CYMBAL. This indicates you have a very good advertising medium.

We are also pleased by the acceptance the Carmel people give Imelman's outstanding values in quality merchandise.

Yours very truly,

IMELMAN'S SPORTWEAR SHOP
By B. R. STOVER

Dear Imelman's:

Thanks. But the credit is due you as much as THE CYMBAL. You had the bargain; we gave you the publicity. You had something to offer; something that not only had an appeal to almost everybody as far as the necessities of living are concerned, but something that combined with that virtue an easy acquisition as far as the pocketbook is concerned. All you needed was to let enough people know about it. You picked THE CYMBAL and you proved yourself right. In no one newspaper, either published in Carmel, or published elsewhere and distributed here, could you have reached as many persons with your shoe ad as you did in THE CYMBAL.

Let me give you some details on this:

THE CYMBAL placed in the hands of Mrs. Irene Casor's clerks at the Carmel post office late last Thursday night the sum total of 368 separate and distinct copies of itself designed to go into boxes of that number of paid-in-advance subscribers in the Carmel area which marks your shopping district. We are willing to bet our predominant equity in a \$117.50 Royal typewriter that that is just about 100 more papers than placed in the same hands by the ten-cent traditional newspaper over on Dolores street.

Also, on the newstands of

Ocean avenue and Dolores street on Friday and Saturday of last week (ascertained up until 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon as ending a period in which you could profit by your ad) THE CYMBAL had sold 117 copies of itself, which total was, according to a most accurate check of said newstands, just about 50 more copies than those newstands sold of the ten-cent newspaper.

And, also, on the streets there were sold by newboys and newgirls Friday and Saturday of last week, rainy and dismal as those two days were, just 62 copies of THE CYMBAL which, we believe we are safe in saying was at least 25 more than were sold of the ten-cent newspaper.

In other words, we have by recapitulation a total of 147 CYMBALS bought and paid for and in the hands of those who had bought and paid for them, by 3 o'clock last Saturday afternoon — CYMBALS containing your very good \$1-a-pair shoe ad. And that total was just about 150 more than you would have had the advantage of in the ten-cent newspaper.

THE CYMBAL has always been straight with its advertisers. It has always told them what they are getting and paying for. It has dealt in figures; figures that can be controverted only by other figures. It does not, it never has, resorted to generalities. In other words, when we say, and say emphatically, that THE CYMBAL has the largest circulation in the Carmel area; that it can give you more publicity for your advertising than the other Carmel newspaper, we say so in figures; figures we can prove, which we are ready and gladly willing to

The Carmel Cymbal

prove at any time you or anyone else desires that proof.

But, of course, this is just so much waste of time and space. You read THE CYMBAL, don't you? Really, there is no doubt in your mind that it has the largest circulation; you can readily understand why it should have the largest circulation.

—W. K. BASSETT

Douglas School Notes

The Douglas School has finished the mid-terms and is starting the second semester. Each week the post-graduates and seniors are taking Eastern college board examinations for practice.

Allen Rice of Harvard College has been added to the faculty of the school. His subjects are English History and Latin. He taught for two years at Beacon School, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, and in California at Tamalpais and Santa Barbara Schools. A renewed interest is being taken by the students in the shop where wood and leather work is claiming their attention under the instruction of Mr. Allen. This is an extra curricular activity.

The school entertained a group of 40 girls from Watsonville Saturday. They were accompanied by mothers and were under the leadership of Miss Louise Blanchard, head of the physical education department of the Union High School. A program was planned by the Douglas girls and riding, polo, riflery and archery claimed the attention of the guests. Luncheon was served.

Mademoiselle Denyse Thauvron is taking the French classes at the school during the absence of Mlle. Throuplin who has left for Paris where she will remain until the Fall. Mlle. Thauvron has a strong personality and presents her work in a clear and interesting fashion. For eight years she was the teacher at Shady Hill Country Day School, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, and recently left Rowland Hall, Salt Lake City.

Miss Geraldine Flint and sister, Tot, with Miss Madeleine Thomas were luncheon guests at Douglas School last Tuesday. After lunch they enjoyed a horseback ride with Mrs. Douglas and a number of the girls.

Finding it necessary to increase

De Loe's

CARMEL'S
newest
RESTAURANT



Suarest
Tap Room
+
BREAKFAST
LUNCH AND
DINNER

the dormitory space at the school, an addition of four rooms is being built.

the serving and setting up of the tables.

MANY RESERVATIONS MADE FOR FATHER-SON BANQUET

More than 50 reservations have been made for the "Father and Son Banquet" at the Community Church tonight at 6:30 o'clock. This banquet is in connection with Boy-Scout week and is sponsored by the men of the church, who have complete charge of the dinner, serving, program and dish washing.

Howard Timbers is toastmaster for the evening, and Dr. Lawrence Knox will sing. There will also be group singing and accordion music. W. K. Bassett will speak on "How Best Can Fathers Serve" and Baird Barderson will make a short toast to his father.

V. D. Graham is in charge of

The Rev. Carel Hulswé spoke before about 20 members of the current events section of the Carmel Woman's Club Wednesday morning at Pine Inn. His topic was "Holland" and he spoke from the standpoint of one Holland born.

NOW

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MEANS
TAXI!

Telephone 40 and experience real
Taxi Service DAY or NIGHT
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In the Heart of Carmel—
in more ways than one

BREAKFAST • LUNCH • DINNER

and a delightful tap room

WE'VE QUIT GAMBLING

(with Eyesight)



IN OUR HOUSE



A SAFE and sure guide to correct lighting in your home—that leaves nothing to chance—are lamps that bear the I. E. S. tag of Better Light for Better Sight. With such lamps, properly placed in your home, there is no gambling with the precious eyesight of your family.

Here is what these modern lamps give you: (1) Enough light to make seeing easier . . . (2) Freedom from glare, to relieve eyestrain . . . (3) Softly diffused light that is cheerful and beautiful . . . (4) Widely spread light, that gives you light where you need it . . . (5) Direct and indirect light, in proper proportions to reduce eyestrain.

Come in and let us demonstrate these marvelous lamps for you. See the many attractive models. Prices for all styles are very moderate.

SEE YOUR DEALER

P. G. and E.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

Owned • Operated • Managed by Californians

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Hotel La Ribera

"Home of Hospitality"

European Plan • Rates from \$3

SALE

Drastic Reductions
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